

the table Mary took a pound of ointment of spikenard, which was very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped them with her hair. Out of this scene rises the words of our text, "She has come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying." No difference what respect would be shown the body of Jesus after he died, she believed in carrying the flowers to show her love for him before he was gone.

It is the most natural thing in the world to hunger for appreciation. All the noblest souls of all ages have had this desire. God has created us this way, but somehow or other we fail so many times to show our appreciation of others until they have gone to the better land, and then we generally say things we should have said years before, and we write a beautiful epitaph on their tombstones when we should have written it on their hearts while they were with us. Some time ago a trolley car was delayed quite a while for a funeral to pass; while waiting one of the passengers on the car made the remark: "This is a pretty long wait for a dead man. If he had been alive the motorman would have run over him long ago." Is it not true that it seems we are ready to show people more courtesy and kindness after they die than before? It is

"Strange we never prize the music
'Til the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
'Til the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air."

The time to show our appreciation of others is now, when the opportunities are at hand. It is perfectly right to carry flowers and place them on the casket of our friend or loved one. It shows our love and sympathy, but as Moody once asked, "Wouldn't it be better to give some of your bouquets before a man dies, and not go and load down his coffin? What good does it do them? None!"

"How much could I care for it, could I know
That when I am under the grass or snow,
How much do you think it would matter then
What praise was lavished upon me, when,
Whatever might be its stint or store,
It neither could help nor harm me more?

"What worth is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
No! No! If you have but a word of cheer
Speak it while I am alive to hear."

If you appreciate your friends and loved ones, express it now. Francis Murphy, the great temperance apostle, said in an address: "I would rather have one little spray of a flower given to me while I am alive, as a token of affection and esteem, than to have you throw a bouquet as big as a bushel at me when I am dead, saying, 'There, Murphy, smell that!'"

To show our appreciation now strengthens many a discouraged heart. Not to appreciate what people do drives them into discouragement and sourness. "Oh, well, they don't appreciate what I do anyway. I might

just as well stop. I'll be thought just as much of." Elijah desired to die because they did not appreciate what he did up at Carmel. Unappreciation was a dagger that dug deep in the Savior's heart. Too often we give flowers when dead and thorns when living. Look at Charles Sumner, a grand good man, who fought for noble purposes, but he was slandered and driven to his grave, and then there were long processions in his honor and tolling of bells and great choirs chanted his requiem, and they buried him up at Mt. Auburn under a mountain of flowers. There is nothing meaner than intentional ingratitude.

This world would be sweeter and brighter if there were as many flowers carried to our friends before they die as there are piled on their caskets after they have gone. There were enough kind things said and enough flowers to brighten every hour of their lives. It seems to me it would be a good thing if we could die sometimes and then come back in a few days and see the flowers on our coffins and read what the papers say, and hear all that our friends and neighbors say about us. I was reading the other day of a minister who preached at the funeral of two soldiers in the late war, supposing them to be dead, but they both returned alive. I suppose it would have done those boys good to have heard what was said of them, and I expect it would do us all good if we would have the opportunity to hear our own funeral sermon.

Cultivate the habit of appreciating others and you will be appreciated. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." We must not expect to be appreciated unless we appreciate others. We are so apt to expect from others what we do not give. Here, for example, is a person sick. He says: "No one came to visit me; no one paid any more attention to me than tho I was up and about." A good question to ask about is this: "Did you visit neighbor so and so when he was sick? Did you go over to see friend B. when he had the fever?" "Well, no, I was a little careless." Don't expect any more than you give.

If you appreciate what your friends do for you, tell them so. If your heart goes out in sympathy for them, don't fail to express it. If you have a husband that is kind and good, show him that you appreciate it. It will do more good than a barrel of tears over his coffin. If you have a loving and devoted wife, show her that you appreciate her love. Some wives never receive a kind word until it appears on their tombstones. A husband sat looking at the beautiful bouquet he had just gathered. At times a tear would peep from the corner of his eyes; jump out and slide down his cheek. His mind appeared troubled by some melancholy problem. A farmer working near by, noticing the man's apparent perplexity, stepped up to him and said:

"Well, neighbor, you seem kind o' down

in the mouth. Ain't them the kind of flowers you was looking for?"

"Flowers er all right," answered the man without looking up.

"Kind o' remind you of childhood days, er somethin'?"

"No, it's not that. No, I've got a sick wife at home; terrible sick, and I thought I'd just get her a few flowers, but—"

"That's right, mister," broke in the farmer, "I guess she'd be mighty tickled to get 'em."

"Yes, she would, but you see the doctor says she can't possibly live long, and I thought perhaps I'd better save these flowers for the funeral."

If you have a dear old father and mother that have denied many things for you, show them that you appreciate it, make their days as they travel towards the sunset, their happiest days on earth. It will do more good than to bend over their silent forms and cry and cry, and say with sobbing voice, "Oh, how good father was to us. Mother was always so gentle and kind. We loved her so." A minister once said, "Sometimes those who cry loudest at funerals have been cruelly negligent to those whose loss they bewail."

The kind things you mean to say after your friends and loved ones are gone, say them now. The flowers you mean to send to their caskets, send them now. The lilled coffin and the loving epitaph cast no fragrance of cheer back over the weary days of the departed.

HOW TO ENTER CHRIST'S FAMILY

MRS. E. A. SNOWDEN

We had such a beautiful lesson for June 9, entitled, "How to enter Christ's family." It was a lesson full of thought to me. We know there is but one way to enter Christ's family. We must enter in by the door of the sheepfold, Christ himself being the good Shepherd, and we must put on the whole armor of God. Jesus said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Mark 16: 16. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." John 3: 36. Peter said to the vast multitude, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Acts 2: 38. Now we have the three, believe, repent and be baptized, before we can enter Christ's family. We must be truly converted before we are a child of God, then we must do God's will. Christ says, "Who-soever doeth the will of my Father in heaven." In Matt. 7: 21 we read, "Not every one that sayeth, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." If we do his will he will not leave us alone, as Christ has said "The Father hath not left me alone, for I do always those things that please him." So then we must not please ourselves, but please God, if we wish to enter Christ's family; then having entered we must be obedient, faithfully working in the vineyard of the Lord.